Half-Hour Portraits of Dickens's Greatest Characters



1812-Feb.7 - 1912

Sold in

Double

Covered

rist view of Lizze Hexam, picture remained in his of that face, and hear the strangling the schoolmaster to follow, and is as he had seen her that of that face, and hear the strangling the schoolmaster to follow, and is as he had seen her that of that face, and hear the strangling the schoolmaster to follow, and agony in that voice, and not take catch him before he can respectively. It is a sunstitute before a rusty laughed, and dismissed it from his aware of his existence, and he under-

X---Bradley Headstone; Dickens's Most Dramatic Character



bould conceive a design, I should and to need it now the operation. He was a constrained man term of the operation. Then what is to come of it? asked gattwood. What are you doing there are you going. Then what is to come of it? asked gattwood. What are you doing the gattwood with a consequently need a mechanic inholday garb. And yet the west of the yet of the yet are you going. The gatt is gard and wiped out by learning, the gard and wiped out by learning the first whether he would have been the gatt whether he would have been the first can't. I give it up.

Bugene Wrayburn was a lawy. He fled family whose family whos

he went on with infinite endurance. Possessed in his Jealousy by the fixed idea that Wrayburn was in the secret, he was as confident of getting the better of him at last by sullenly sticking to him as he would have been of mastering any piece of study by a like slow process, A man of rapid passions and sluggish intelligence, it had served him often and should serve him again.

At last he was repaid, Wrayburn prepared for a boating trip up the river, and there was something dealed and brisk about his actions that told Bradley Headstone, as surely as if it were written in his dark soul, that Wrayburn was on his way to her at last.

One bright and peaceful summer mornings he rowed away, whistling cheerfully. Following him afoot, now left behind by the light boat and now overtaking it again when it met some swift current, there was a bargeman. Eugene went idly as usual. Sometimes the bargeman had to lie still, hidden in long grass, till the boat came up to where he was.

The boat went on under the striking and dawning wonder, that the asyon and dawning wonder, that the soy and adwing wonder, that the soy and dawning wonder, that the soy and dawning wonder, that the series in his does not be seried to he with the sill took and had inded uncalled for read about the honesty of his counted that for a gentleman who had that of a gentleman who had had days and had added the few days and had added the inpurious of his counted and had added the inpurious of his took leave the lockkeeper would live the housety of his counted and had added the inpurious of his the housety of his counted and

hood.

He saluted humbly, with a chuckle and a leef. Still more humbly, and showing not a sign that he ever had seen the schoolmaster in another guise, he asked such questions as an ignorant man might ask about school, and presently begged permission to ask the boys some questions about geography, licadstone dared not refuse.

"Wot sort of waters is there on earth?" asked Riderhood; and when the class replied, "Seas, rivers, lakes and ponds," he asked them what men

he asked them what men

caught in rivers.

"Aye, my lambs, aye!" he responded to their reply of "fish!" "Good! But do you know wot else they ketches in rivers? I'll tell you. Suits of clothes!" Bradley's face changed.

"Leastwise," continued Riderhood, "that's wot I ketches sometimes,

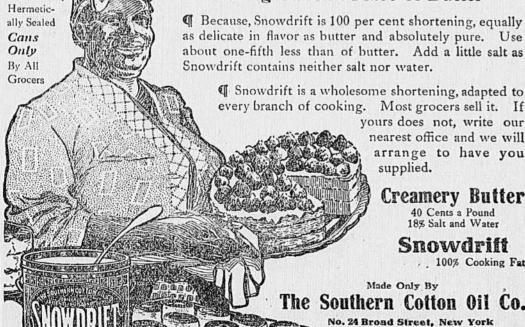
"that's wot I ketches sometimes, Strike me, lambs, if I d'dn't ketch this very bundle under my arms! It's a bargeman's suit o' clothes. It had been sunk there by the man as wore it."
"Wishing to see you of my lock next Saturday," whispered Riderhood as he slouched out.

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wity could devise to torture him, Lightwood saw with astonishment how wary
his careless friend was, and how much
trouble his idle friend took. At last
far on in the third hour of the pleasures of the chase, when he had led
the peor, dogging wretch back again
into the city, he twisted Mortimer up
a few dark alleys, twisted him sharply around again, and they almost ran
against Bradley Headstone.
"And you see, as I was saying, Mortimer," remarked Wrayburn, with the
utmost coolness as if there were no
one within hearing but themselves.
"and you see, as I was saying,—
ondergoing grinding torments,"
It was not too strong a phrase
Looking, not like, the hunted, but like
the hunter, worn with the exhaustion
of baffled hope, consuming hate and
angar in his face, wild-eyed, dragglehaired, fortured with the knowledge
that he showed it and that they exulted
in it, Bradley Usadstone went by them

that he showed it and that they exuited in it, Bradley Headstone went by them in the dark. So completely did the force of his expression dominate all the rest of him, that he went ov them like a haggard head suspended in air. Mortimer Lightwood was not extraordinarily impressible man, but the face frightened him. He spoke about

WISHING TO SEE YOU AT MY LOCK NEXT SATURDAY.* WHISPERED RIDERHOOD.

say Yolcks? A southerly wind and a cloudy sky proclaim it a hunting eventual to the state of the control of the co

CARTER'S LITTLE gently but to mly com pel a lazy liver to

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price Gonuine musbear Signature Arent Tood

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTERS WIVER PILLS. Headsche, and Distress after Esting.

have done it. If she had not known how to handle ours she never could have done it. She blessed the old river life now, she thanked Heaven for that old, sad time, that made her able now to send the boat down the river as never woman had rowed before. She saw a dim rippling in the water far ahead. She drove the boat to it, mightlly. A face came up, and there was a disturbance as of a feeble struggle. She caught it by its bloody hair, and the river and its shores rang to her terrible cry.

The next morning, a few miles down the river, a lockkeeper was leaning over his lock-gates with an expression as near to pleasure as his naturally glowering, not to say hang-dog, face

glowering, not to say hang-dog, fac-could well assume. A barge that had passed down had given him news of the murderous affair up the river. The